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WATCHMAN & STATE JOURNAL.
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POETRY.

WOMAN.
BY THE HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

"Ah, for this,
We wo the life-long bridal kiss."
Angel of earth! oh, what were life
Without thy form—without thy smile?
A circle of despair and strife,
Oil of misery, and guile:
Like mists before the morning's ray
As from the sun, the timid dove,
So flee the care of man away,
Beneath thy kind and gentle love.
Was Eden lost because of thee?
Have heroes left a laurel crown,
That they might bow the willing knee,
At dearest shrine than man's renown!
Oh, who would sigh for all the pain,
That loss like this could e'er import,
If he were only sure to gain,
The Eden of a Woman's heart!

Mother! can mortal e'er repay
Thy all devoted sacrifice,
They care, that lasts thro' night and day,
Thy love, that never, never dies!
In childhood's hour, in manhood's prime,
When age comes on with slow decay,
In joy, in sorrow, and in crime,
Still beams thy bright affection's ray!

Daughter! the Roman girl of old,
Who from her maiden bosom nursed,
The sire, whom dungeon's vile did hold,
Tortured by famine and by thirst,
Shall illustrate thy filial love,
Which can the drooping soul sustain,
Like manna showered from above
Upon Arabia's arid plain.

Sisters! the mate of childhood's hour,
When life was young and fresh and green;
The comforter who cheered did lower,
The sharer in each joyous scene,
What dearest the what purest love,
Can we around our hearts entwine,
[Save that which beareth from above,
Than that abiding love of thine!]

Then that which holds a Woman's heart!

STANZAS.
Weep not o'er the tomb
Of infancy!
Flowers of sweetest bloom
Must pass away!
Too warm a sunbeam, or to chill a breath,
O! seals their vernal loveliness in death!

Weep not o'er the sod
Where youth reposes,—
Where ruin's foot hath trod,—
And leaves life's rose!
The loveliest things of earth must fade away,
Their brightness vanish, and their bloom decay.

Weep not o'er the mound
Where glory lies—
Where fame is hovering round
His deeds to tell;—
The Hero's hour of pride, like the vain breath
That wakes the clarion—swells the dirge of death!

Weep not o'er the urn
Where genius sleeps—
Where fragrant censers burn,
And science keeps
Her mournful vigil; he who rests below
No more the withering blasts of fate shall know.

MISCELLANY.

AN AFFECTING PICTURE.
The following extract from one of the last numbers of Master Humphrey's Clock, is remarkable for its simplicity and its pathos. Nelly and her aged grandfather in their wanderings were hospitably entertained at the domiciles of a village schoolmaster, who was in great distress on account of the illness of a little boy, his best scholar—one for whom he seems to have entertained a more than parental affection. He gives his pupils a half-holiday—and leading little Nell by the hand, proceeds to the humble dwelling where his little favorite lay on the bed of sickness.

N.Y. Sun.

"They stopped at a cottage door; and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without any loss of time. They entered a room where a little group of women were gathered about one, older than the rest, who was crying very bitterly, and sat wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro."

"Oh, dame," said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?"

"He's going fast," cried the old woman; "my grandson's dying. Is all alone of you. You shouldn't see him now, but for his being so earnest on it. This is what his learning has brought him to. Oh dear, dear, what can I do?"

"Do not say that I am in fault," urged the gentle schoolmaster. "I am not hurt, dame. No, no. You are in great distress of mind, and do not mean when you say, I am sure you don't."

"I do," returned the old woman. "I mean it all. If he hadn't been poring over his books out of fear of you, he would have been well and merry now; I know he would."

The schoolmaster looked round upon the other women as if to extract some among them to say a kind word for him, but they shook their heads, and murmured to each other that they never thought there was much good in learning, and that this convinced them. Without saying a word in reply, or giving them a look of reproach, he followed the old woman who had summoned him, (and who had now rejoined them) into another room, where his infant friend, half dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy, quite a little child. His hair hung in curly locks about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dearest friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kill her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered

ed the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time—You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now; won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hands upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them—not, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. " Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the flattening signal to his idle ball that lay with his slate and book and other boyish property, upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl was there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. "It was not the hand of a dead child. He left that; and yet he clasped it still, and could not lay it down."

Facts about Iceland. Iceland is subject to Denmark, and is governed by a series of Lord-Lieutenants, on a salary of £500 per annum, who, at the end of five years exile, expect promotion in the nobler country. It is divided into three districts, and contains a population roughly estimated at 50,000 souls, which, spread over the whole surface, gives to every inhabitant room and verge enough, at the rate of one and a fourth square miles. Out of thirty thousand square miles, a ninth part is inhabited—the whole central portions being *terra incognita*, and as such consigned permanently to the dominion of chaos and old night. The natives are poor but honest, virtuous, and well educated—the business of instruction being conducted at home, under the periodical superintendence of a bishop, who, in the case of illiterate lovers anxious to marry, forbids the hands until the parties can both read and write. Two-thirds of the farms—4095 in number—or rather wilderness holdings, that feed six cows, eight horses, and eighty sheep, belong to the king and the clergy, and a third to private individuals. On the island, with ordained assistants, there are 216 clergymen who preach, according to circumstances, in 313 churches, scattered over 27 square miles. The general stipend is a mere pittance—say £6 yearly; on Sundays the priests appear in a better garb, while on week days they labor as hard as others, shoeing their own horses, and performing all other mechanical operations. Trades and manufactures are very little, if at all known; spinning, carding, weaving, dying, tailoring, knitting, &c., are performed at home, and the people live very much like the inhabitants of the remoter Hebrides, by tending their cattle and collecting bay, moss and leathers, at one season, and fishing at another. They are great readers, and during the long nights of winter, the master or some other member of the family, reads aloud for the edification of all who choose to listen.

YANKEE TRICK. During the Revolutionary war two brothers from one of the eastern ports, were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were immensely successful, doing great damage to the enemy and making money for themselves. One evening being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment found her to be a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions. One only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem. On a sudden he hauled down every sail and all hands were employed with setting poles, as it shoving his vessel off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clapped off and left the more knowing Yankees "to make himself scarce, as soon as night rendered it prudent for him to sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

MONTPELIER, DEC. 7, 1840.

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Curious Law Case. A case was tried recently at New Orleans, as we learn from the American, involving the question of the ownership of six geese. So contradictory was the evidence, that the venerable judge, in order to settle the question, ordered the geese to be turned into the street and appointed two officers of the Court, to watch their motions. If the geese went to the house of the plaintiff he was to be the owner; if to the defendant, then the case was to be decided in defendant's favor. The geese on being let out, made their way to a neighboring mud puddle where they regaled themselves all day, and the latest intelligence was, that they had not yet reached the ditches of either party.

Depth of the Ocean. The sea was recently sounded, by lead and line, in latitude 37 degrees south, and 85 deg. 7m. west longitude from Paris, by the officers of the French ship Venus, during her voyage of discovery; at a depth of 3470 yards, or 2 1/2 miles, no bottom was found. The weather was very serene, and it is said, that hauling in the lead took sixty sailors upwards of 2 hours. In another place in the Pacific Ocean, no bottom was found at the depth of 4140.

A French Abbe, who was extremely corpulent, coming late one evening to a fortified town, asked a countrywoman whom he met, if he could get in at the gate? "I should do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. " Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the flattening signal to his idle ball that lay with his slate and book and other boyish property, upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl was there, for he could not see her.

A clergyman in the North, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage in the Psalms: "I said in my haste, all men are liars." At, promised his reverence by way of introduction, ye said it in your haste, David, did ye? give ye had been here ye might have said it at your leisure, my son!"—*The Laird of Logan.*

Oxalic Acid. It may be important to mention, especially in this suicide living (2) age, that 2 ounces of magnesia, mixed with about a quart of water, or the same quantity of common whiting, thrown into the stomach by any means, (stomach pump being steadiest and most preferable on such occasions,) will effectually neutralize and render inert this active poison.—*Albany Advertiser.*

A consent. A girl was forced into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested. When the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, she said, with great simplicity, "O dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion a bout me."

Temperance Men. A son of the Emerald Isle, who arrived in New York the other day, was asked by an acquaintance to take a glass of grog, but declined, giving as a reason for his refusal, that he had joined the temperance society in Cork before leaving Ireland. His friend replied that that was no consequence, as a pledge given in Ireland was not binding here. To this piece of left-handed morality, Pat indignantly retorted—"Do you suppose when I brought me body to America, I'd be aghast leaving no soul in Ireland?"

Fever Affecting. A sentimental youth having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her, and made no doubt that she was a congenital spirit.

"What work was it that affected you so much the other morning? I saw you shed a great many tears." Was it Bulwer's last?

"I don't know what Bulwer's last is," returned she, "but I assure you I was doing a job which always almost kills me. I was peeling onions."

The World's End. During the last two or three centuries upwards of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the Northern Hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye, at mid-day. It seemed to be on fire, appearing at first of a dazzling white, then of a reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. La Place supposes that it was burned up, as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible sixteen months.

AGRICULTURE.

From the Congregationalist.

TWENTY ACRES ENOUGH FOR A FARM.

Mr. Editor:—I have long been convinced both by practice and observation, that one of the greatest mistakes in our farming is, that we cultivate too much land, and have been too eager for acres, rather than to improve those we already possess. To illustrate this opinion, and to carry conviction more forcibly to the mind, I will institute a comparison between a hundred acre farm, cultivated according to the common course of farming now pursued in the town of Bloomfield, where I reside, and a twenty acre farm made rich and cultivated in the best manner.

One hundred acres, average value of land \$40 per acre, \$4000. Twenty acres in a high state of cultivation, worth \$200 per acre, \$4000.

It will be seen from this, that the capital invested is the same in both farms. I will now go into a minute calculation of the profits and expenses of the large and small farms, and invite farmers to give it a candid examination.

ESTIMATE OF THE EXPENSES AND PROFITS OF ONE HUNDRED ACRE FARM.

Twenty acres in mowing, (1 ton to the acre, average produce of the land in Bloomfield,) worth to feed stock, \$7 per ton. 20 tons, at \$7 per ton, is \$140.00

Ten acres of Corn, 30 bushels to the acre, 300 bushels, at 50 cents, \$150.00

Ten loads of Corn Stalks, at \$3 per load, 300 bushels, at 16 cents, \$48.00

Three acres of Potatoes, 150 bushels to the acre, 450 bushels at 16 cents, \$72.00

Seven acres of Rye, 12 bushels to the acre, 84 bushels at 75 cents, \$63.00

Ten acres of Oats, 20 bushels to the acre, 200 bushels at 30 cents, \$60.00

The mowing and cultivated crops, take up 50 acres of the farm, leaving 50 acres for pasturing, which will keep, and well, 1 yoke of cattle, 7 Cows and a horse, 10 head, at \$6 each, .60.00

Product worth to feed to stock \$575.00

Net profit on small farm, \$311.00

It will be seen from this statement that the small farm nets \$311 dollars 33 cents more than the large one. If we add to this the difference in extra time spent in going to work, extra costs and driving stock to and from distant parts of a large farm, we shall readily perceive that the small rich farm has greatly the advantage over the large one of middling quality. The crops are estimated at a fair value to feed stock on both farms. The small farm, having the greatest amount of produce, will hay in the spring the greatest amount of manure in the yards, which is all put upon 4 acres of this already rich land, while the manure on the large farm is spread over 13 acres of this middling land. I wish to ask, whether with such management, it does not look reasonable that such crops as are stated in the small farm account may not reasonably be expected. I will here add that they are stated according to crops produced on my own farm, which have been measured and weighed; and they have greatly been exceeded, according to statements in which I place confidence from other parts of the country.

It may be asked how we are to get our lands into the high state of cultivation. I answer by giving more attention to the making and saving of manure. What farmer is there amongst that could not, by keeping his yards well supplied with turf or manure, or some other substance sufficient to absorb the liquids of the yard, make double or treble his present quantity of manure? That is cost, capital, or labor, which is the same as money, to bring up land into this high state. I admit; but what I am endeavoring to show is, that it is better to expend capital in improving one land than to expend it in increasing the number of our acres. Carry out this system of farming, and Connecticut can support one and a half millions of inhabitants from agriculture alone. How many more give a scanty supply to one family, but which might, by labor judiciously applied, be made to support five such families in comparative opulence.

It is astonishing what can be done on a single acre of ground by proper cultivation. There is not probably, twenty acres of land, in the State of Connecticut, lying in one body, but might be improved; and I very much doubt whether there is a single acre but what might be made better than it is now, by giving it a more perfect cultivation, or by adding some ingredient to its soil.

Yours, very respectfully,

D. W. GRANT.

Labor of Cultivating one acre of oats.

Ploughing once, 1.50

Harrowing, 50

Manuring in the hill, 3.00

Planting, 4.00

Hoeing 3 times, 6.00

Digging 150 bushels, 6.00

Cultivating 3 acres of Potatoes, \$21 per acre, 63.00

Labor of cultivating one acre of Rye.

Ploughing twice, 3.00

Dragging, 50

Reaping, binding and carting, 2.00

Thrashing and cleaning, 1.00

Cultivating 7 acres of Rye, at 75 per ac. 52.50